¶ Almightie God I pray,

his Holy spirite to send:

The iust mannes hart stedfast to stay, and wicked lues to mend.

TRue tryall touchyng truth, time trimly here doth trye:
EXcept the Scribes therfore we passe in righteousnes, we dye.
MYndes many moued bée, all truth to establysh:
PApes popish puft in Plutoes pride, all popery here doe wysh.
VOyde from them all good men, which godly be in mynde:
SIth Sathan assaileth some so sore, and styl their harts doth blynde.
EMbrace and loue the Truth, on Christs syde stifly stand:
DEny the Pope Sathan the Turke, reiect them quite from hand.
ANd neuer wish in wyll, with wicked men t'agrée:
XPe saith we can not their wayes hould, and eke his seruaunts be.
REiect, and expell quite, that which displease God may:
ENcline to Christ, the truth embrace, be sure thereon to stay.
REioyce though Rigour raunge, and run for to obtayne:
VPon thée persecution beare, great ioyes to haue agayne.
MUse nothyng on these dayes, but wey the time now frayle:
THe tryed truth time vnder treades, in time truth wyl preuayle.
IN time the wicked laugh, in time the iust lament:
MUse not therfore, the iust to trie, the Lordes wyl now is bent.
EMploy thy wyll and mynd, to the Scriptures deuine:
BE not seduced in no wyse, from truth doe not decline.
REfuse (yf faith thou hast) a Christian dumme to bée:
YElde out thy talent with encrease, and loke thy faith be frée.
NO doubt yf dumme thou lurke, clokyng thy faith for feare:
GOd wyl thée plague, and to good men, thy faint faith wyl appeare.
ENclyne thine eare hereto, and this well vnderstand:
TRie out the sence hereof by truth, all wickednesse withstand.
HEauen with the Lorde of Lordes, we shall not inherite:
EXcept our righteousnes far passe the Scribe and hipocrite.
ALl wicked men we sée, now glorie much in mynd:
LOkyng for masse, an Idoll which to them hath ben full kynd.

THruely those naughtie men, thinke now within short time:
HEre, for Jesus Christes true worde, to plant Sathans doctrine.
YEa styll they hope in déede, and styll loke for a day:
NO doubt, Christs gospel to exclude, & popes lawes to beare sway.
GOd saue our noble Quéene, Lorde graunt this we requyre:
MOng vs here long shée may raigne, and cut short papes desyre.
ESt end out thy wrath (O Lorde) confound with open shame:
TH ose which in hart vnto her grace, long lyfe doe not proclaime.
TO nt pull those hatefull harts, which in spight rage and boyle:
AGainst thy truth, her grace, good men (O Lorde) ỹ canst them foyle.
NOthyng but wickednesse, such in their hartes embrace,
EMong vs here although they say, and beare out a smoth face.
NOw Lorde thy flocke defend, Lorde blesse thine heritage:
DIrect thy spirit ouer vs all, in this our time and age.
ENcourage vs against rageyng Sathan alway,
QUicken our myndes, strength vs herein, O Lorde to thée we pray:
VOuchsafe eke on those men, thy heauenlie spirite to send,
OF Lorde enspire them with thy grace, their erryng liues t'amend.
DEstroy all errours here, illuminate their hart:
CAll home all those which haue run wyde, to the truth them conuart.
HEale those which broken be (O Lorde I say) in mynd:
REduce and bryng to thée in truth, all wicked Jewes vnkynd.
INfidels and eke Turkes, Paganes which know thée not:
SO shall we all be to thée one inheritaunce and lot.
TOread vnder and suppresse all vice, and eke expell
OUr hollow harted hipocrites, which loue not thy Gospell:
PUt in their harts such grace (O Lorde) that they may now:
HOpe in thée their eternall God, and to thée their hartes bow.
EVer to watch and pray, as thou hast taught the same:
READy to be with oyle in lampe, heauen with thée to attaine.
VVée hopyng on thée thus, all vayne hope now confound:
IN heauen w thée at length wyl we thy worthy praise forth sound.
LOrde graunt that we may raigne, in ioyes celestiall:
SUch as wyl styl thy foes remaine, shall to paynes infernall.
OF Lorde graunt this request, Lorde let thy kyngdome cum:
NOw watch and pray we wyll, for whye? *Tempus edax rerum.*

¶ FINIS. (q) *Christopher VVilson.*

SOme hope you sée,
(The more pitie)
Not in the Lorde of might:
Whose harts and mynd,
His wayes should synd,
To prayse him day and night.

¶ With hart and voyce,
They should reioyce,
Onely in Christ I say:
And not to hope,
To sée the Pope,
With his lawes to beare sway.

¶ Lament I doe,
Here to sée nowe,
The ioyes that some be in:
Wyshyng for Masse,
I say alas,
The cloke of filthy sin.

¶ I may here write,
And truth endite,
Affyrme plainely and say:
The worde of truth,
(The more is ruth)
Is fowne in stonie way.

¶ For all teachyng,
And true preachyng,
Some harts be hard as stéele:
There is no way,
Their harts to stay,
Or cause them truth to féele.

¶ But stoute they be,
In all Poperie,
As by this man doth séeme:
Whose shameles face,
Put forth this case,
And bad his neighbours deeme:

¶ Where best should be,
To make (q he)
An aulter for our Masse:
Let vs first be,
Herein (q he)
It wyll thus come to passe.

¶ This frend of Popes,
Offred ten grotes,
This aulter there to make:
Where masse should be,
Haue here (q he)
This money mine here take.

Lorde our Quéene saue,
We cry and craue,
In godlie state alway:
Defend her grace,
Long time and space,
Emong vs here we pray.

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Wilson (Christ